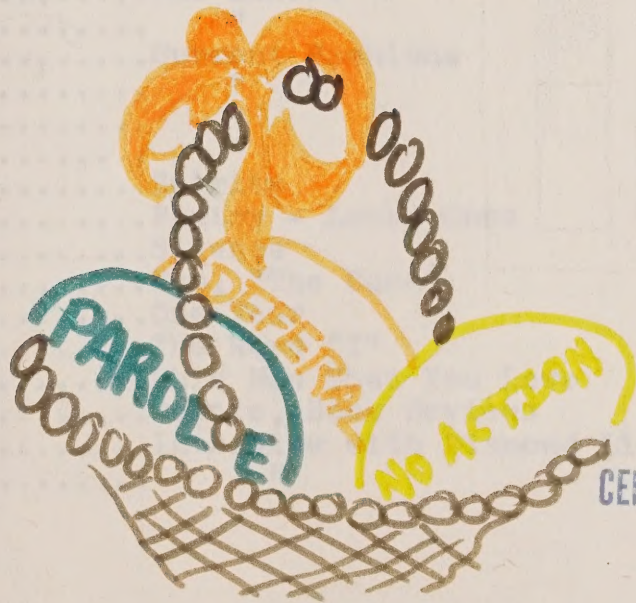


THE INSIDE- OUT LOOK



CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY

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CENTRE OF CONTEMPORARY

Cover - designed by Velma C., created by Bonnie B.

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THE IN-SIDE OUT LOOK

STAFF

Cottage 2 Representatives

VELMA C.

WENDY N. (DUCKIE)

Cottage 3 Representatives

DIANA S.

FRAN J.

HEIDI K.

Cottage 4 Representatives

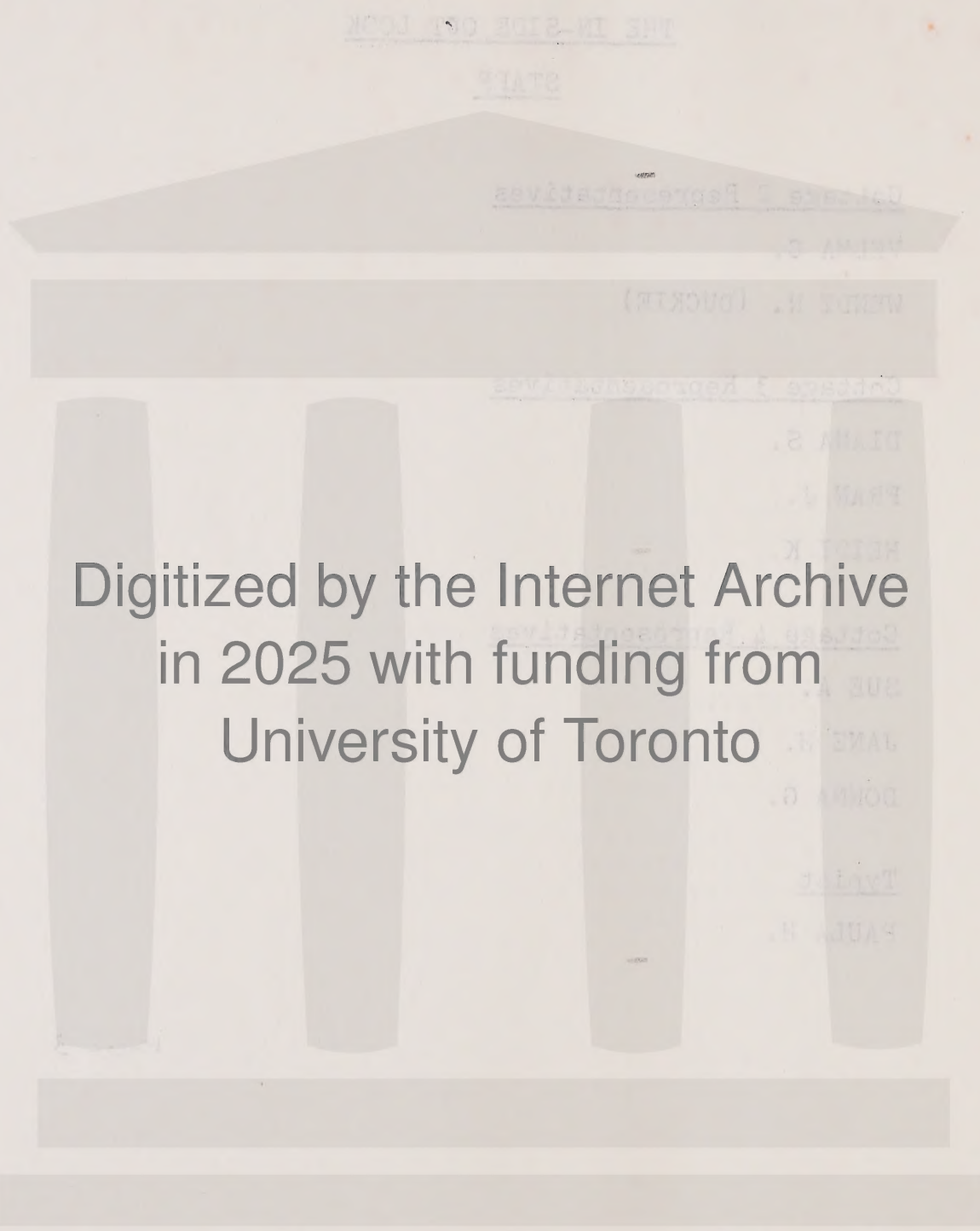
SUE A.

JANE H.

DONNA G.

Typist

PAULA H.



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THE FENCE - AN UPWARD CLIMB TO HELL

The date today is March 16th, and I am sitting in my room, instead of being home where I could be today. I have been asked over and over again what made me run, and didn't I think of the many consequences to follow. I obviously ran because I wanted to, but wanting to goes much further than that.

Being compelled suddenly to run was not a total reaction due to my incarceration at Vanier, but rather a conglomeration of many things - most of all the tension and anxiety of being held in a holding jail prior to coming to Vanier. There, for the first time in my life, I experienced being forced to remain anywhere, let alone behind bars, being questioned constantly by the local police, being threatened over losing custody of my daughter, and realizing that the friends I thought I had weren't really ever there. I had just come down from speed a month previous to my arrest, and I was still adjusting. All these things were heavy on my head, and bothered me to what I considered near-insanity. The road ahead if I chose to better it, was a very long one and I didn't know if I had the courage to do things straight. I lost control being very scared of what was ahead, and decided to take the easy way out - run. I, myself, could see that I was an unfit mother, so what was the use of even trying? This was the way I talked myself into running.

I'm glad I have changed. I'm still a bit shaken about the road ahead, but I've got more determination now than I have ever had before. I made a decision on which road to take, and after three weeks out, I handed myself in again. I didn't ever think of the restrictions that would be enforced because of my contribution to the escapes recently. I wish I had. It really wasn't worth what I'm going through now. I never ever thought I'd hear about a young boy asking his mother tearfully, "But Mommy, why can't you hug me?" Yes, NO BODY CONTACT, was a restriction in the visiting room due to the many escapes, along with many others of a similar nature.

.....

PAGE 4.

After the hells, fears, confusion and degradation I went through prior to and after being

THE FENCE - AN UPWARD CLIMB TO HEAVEN

The date today is March 1968, and I am sitting in my room. Instead of being home where I could be today. I have been asked over and over again what made me run, and didn't I think of the many consequences to follow. I obviously ran because I wanted to, but wanting to goes much further than that.

Being compelled suddenly to run was not a total reaction due to my incarceration at Vanden, but rather a culmination of many things - most of all the tension and anxiety of being held in a holding cell prior to coming to Vanden. There, for the first time in my life, I experienced being forced to remain anywhere, let alone being held, being questioned constantly by the local police, being threatened over losing custody of my daughter, and realizing that the friends I thought I had were not really over there. I had just come down from a spread a month previous to my arrest, and I was still adjusting. All these things were heavy on my head, and bothered me to what I considered near-insanity. The road ahead if I chose to enter it, was a very long one and I didn't know if I had the courage to do things seriously. I lost control being very scared of what was ahead, and decided to take the easy way out - run. I, myself, could see that I was an unfit mother, so what was the use of even trying? This was the way I talked myself into running.

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After the hell, fear, confusion and deterioration I went through prior to and after being

charged and sentenced, I thought there was very little left that could hurt me. I have never been so wrong in all my life. My "moment of truth" came in the visiting room in the form of a tow-headed, freckled, 4'3" boy - my son. It had run through my mind "what will I say to him." I had rehearsed speeches, practised physical calmness etc. but was totally at a loss when he finally did arrive. As any mother can tell you - quite often a hug and kiss speaks so much louder than words. Just being able to "feel" the other person is o.k., (especially for a 9 yr. old) can set their little minds at ease.

When I entered the room I immediately noticed my estranged husband - then heard a muffled sob from the other side of the room, "Hello Mom." My heart sank - No he couldn't be here, not now, I wasn't ready to face him, I can't hold him. Oh God help me - I looked at my husband and almost incoherently mumbled, "No Dave not today, I'm not ready" and started to leave the room. The security officer told me to calm down and have confidence that I could handle the situation. I sat, stonily watching my son plod across the room to me. His little head held up high - the lump in his throat highly obvious to a mother's eyes.

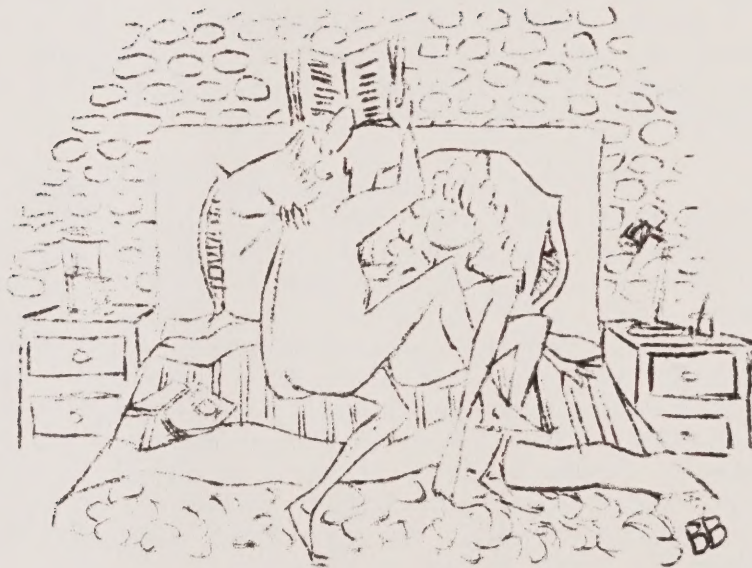
Knowing the restrictions set down, I had to force myself to tell him "sit over there honey," pointing to a chair some 2½ feet away from me. His confusion stopped him dead in his tracks and a defiant, hurt, brave, little boy cast a filthy glance at the officer and quivering lips said, "I want to sit on your knee and hug you!" God knows too well the emotional hell I went through to tell him, "You can't David - Mommy will get in trouble." Never before have I seen such confusion, courage and 9 year old logic embodied in such a tiny physical frame. He sat down and squirmed - not able to look at me - finally an almost inaudible voice asked, "But Mommy - why can't you hug me?" I recall sobbing and bitterly spitting out the hate filled truth that some bitch jumped the fence!

It's been many months since these incidents occurred - in that time I've come to grips with many hurts, disappointments, and heartaches - and so far have stayed on top of them. I've also learned to look at the other girl's view of things .

PAGE 5.

even "running." In the past months I've gotten to know this girl as a person without the barriers between us caused by the aforementioned. We've discussed our mutual hurts and I was very surprized to realize that even with her own turmoil, so huge, she understood and felt my personal torture as if it were her own. Needless to say I have often apologized for calling her a "bitch."

Jane H. and
Heidi K.



"TAKE LEG A...FLIP OVER LEG C..."

THE QUESTION OF PAROLE

The public is not alone in feeling the resulting pressures of the recent policemen murders and the connection of drugs with this matter. The minority sitting away in the different penal institutions feel these pressures, also, and very much so when it comes to parole time. The questions of parole and rehabilitation walk hand in hand. There are people in these institutions that are working very hard towards rehabilitation and in that course, towards parole. Consider a moment the emotional and mental backbone a person in an institution has to build, not just to face the outside world again, but to do so in a constructive manner so as to be a useful and contributing member of the community out of a deep, sincere desire to belong and be needed.

In the paper today, have arisen articles urging a closer look at our laws and their enforcement. People are now beginning to take a closer look at the parole system. The public has been outraged by the violence in our society, and is further outraged by abuse of the law due to drugs. As one of a minority away in a penal institution, I would like to say that generalization of this issue has hit hard, even though my offense was fraud and not drugs. There are some wrong-doers who have well paid for their mistakes and who want to live within the bounds of the law upon release. I only hope that these people are given even a small part of society's support in their efforts.

I quote John Hogarth from the August 72, volume 10, No. 1, Osgoode Hall Law Journal, "Improvement in correctional techniques will not achieve more than new rationalizations for essentially punitive behaviour, because corrections is based on the notion that the majority of offenders are 'sick' and in need of involuntary 'treatment'. Stepping up the war against crime will provide employment in the anti-crime industry, but will do little to solve the underlying problems that exist in society." The best employees that could be had in the war against crime, are in my opinion those who have received the necessary support from society towards rehabilitation and who are then qualified through experience and further training of some sort to help others in the same unfortunate position WHO ARE SINCERELY LOOKING FOR HELP AND USEFULNESS IN THE COMMUNITY."

If even one person out of a hundred finds life beneficial and rewarding to go from crime to preventing crime, wouldn't it well be worth the efforts of all involved? The question of parole is actually a question of trust and support from society to the wrong-doer who has spent time away from society to pay for his or her mistake.

Heidi K.

VANIER VERSION CONTEST

The contest for the new name for the Vanier Version took place in the Boardroom, on Friday, March 9th at 1 p.m. People who sat on the Board were Mr. Adams, Mr. Bird, taking Donna Clarke's place, Mr. Tilden and Donna G. We were sorry that Rev. Loader was not able to be at the meeting.

Residents really put a lot of effort into getting names into the Vanier Version drawing. There were seventy-three names submitted. The judges found it very difficult to pick a name out of the number entered because a lot of them were very good.

The judging had to be done by elimination. We listed the names from one to seventy-three and called in one of the secretaries to call out the titles so that the judges would not know the names of the people who submitted them. Each name was given a rating from one to three. When the seventy-three names had been completed, we went back to count up the points which were given to each title. Then the titles with the highest points were eliminated again, ending up with ten titles at the end. Then another elimination had to be done and five names were picked.

The winning name of the paper was the "In-Side Out Look" done by Diane S. from Cottage three. The four runners up were "The Sensor" by Liz D. in cottage 3, "Scrutineer" by Helen T. in cottage 2, "The Vanguard" by Liz D. in cottage 3, and "The Overground Paper" by Velma C. in cottage 2.

A poncho which was crocheted by Barb M., now over in Ingleside, will be given to Diane S. for her winning name.

Donna G.

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Hi, this is Liz!

I was browsing around the library one day
when someone showed me a staff copy of poems by
girls from the Mercer. Here and there, I got a
few lines, or a poem written about the old ghost
of Mercer - one went something like this:

One night as I lay in my bed
I heard footsteps shuffling
That familiar old tread
The shadows were lurking
I shivered with fear
At my door in the morning was a note
Andrew Mercer was here!!

The old ghost of Mercer was so old, he
finally was laid to rest! The new ghost of George
Vanier is now resurrecting, keeping his eye on us
and hoping to see us soon go our own way.

THE GHOST OF VANIER

Now the old ghost of Vanier
Is a special kind of "Dude,"
He's very soft-spoken and seldom very rude
You can tell him all your troubles
He will argue till you weep
Most times he'll fill the answers
The rewards for you to reap
When he sees that you are ready
And strong to walk alone
He'll open up that iron gate
and whisper....
Go - Go on- Go Home!

When you want to talk to him girls, will you
send us a few lines or tell us recently your
experiences in whatever he had to say. Let's
keep tabs on the old haunting ghost in the shadow
of our thoughts. He's strong.

Liz S.

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T. A. P. TO FIVE OAKS

On Friday, March 30, four girls went to the Five Oaks musical retreat in Paris, Ontario. We were picked up by a volunteer from the church and then proceeded on our weekend of freedom. Along the way we stopped for a bite to eat. When we finally arrived there, it was approximately 7:30 p.m. We were all a bit nervous and were very reluctant at first to mix with the many people there. After a while when we were settled in, we went down into the great hall where people were singing, the singing lasted until about 11:00 p.m. We were sore from sitting down so long so we went for a walk on the green acres of Five Oaks.

We were all amazed at the things that we hadn't seen in a long time. All of us had our turn experimenting with such things as taps, doornobs, real toilet paper and other things.

When Saturday morning came around we were still very tired from the night before as we hadn't been to bed until 2:00 a.m. The dining area was very large but we sat with different people and began to open up and tell the people about ourselves. No one seemed shocked at the fact that we were from a penal institution.

In the afternoon some poems were read to all the people that I had written here in Vanier. It was unbelievable to see how it had touched their hearts, many people came up to us and remarked on how we had opened up their eyes.

Five Oaks was an experience in itself. I hope that more T.A.P.'s of this nature will give girls a chance to be an important part of peoples lives, as we did on our most rewarding weekend at Five Oaks.

By Velma C.

BRAMPTON CHORAL SOCIETY

On Monday, March 5, Vanier was host to the Brampton Choral Society. There were forty-five members in the group.

PAGE 10.

At the beginning of the evening, I don't think people knew exactly what to expect. As the time progressed, you could see with what impact the

Society was coming on. I, myself, did not feel like attending this particular event because of an excruciating headache. During the course of the night it had actually been sung away. That alone tells how beautiful their singing was.

It was generally agreed that everyone enjoyed themselves very much. Thank you Brampton Choral Society for bringing a little happiness into our lives. We hope to see you again soon.

Heidi K.

WORD OF THANKS

We would like to thank Diane S. for her hard work on the newspaper and also for her contribution for the new name of the newspaper "The Inside Out Look." We'll miss you Diane.

Velma C.

J O K E S

Different Sneezes

A dentist	- Ah chew
A R.R. engineer	- Ah choo choo
A travel agent	- Where choo?
A banker	- Cash shoo
A dancer	- Ah cha cha choo
A resident	- Ah chooby

An old man with a cane limped into a confectionery for a sundae. "I'll have a chocolate sundae" he said. "Crushed nuts?" replied the waitress, "No" replied the old man, "Just rheumatism."

"What do you do for a living?" asked the judge. "I'm a night orderly at the hospital," lied the prisoner. "Thirty days for pan handling," said the judge.

An obviously nervous and excited man came into the **PAGE 11.** psychoanalyst's office constantly snapping his fingers and looking around him anxiously. "Calm yourself" soothed the doctor. "Why are you doing that?" "Because it keeps away the elephants," came the logical reply. "But there aren't any elephants around here," protested the analyst. "You see" responded the young man, "it works."
By: Velma C.

FUNNY REACTIONS TO PAROLE

Finding myself worried sick about parole, I sat down to eat lunch. Reaching over the table I said to a friend, "Will you pass the parole?" She looked strangely and said, "What did you say?" I again repeated myself. Realizing my mistake we both had a good laugh, as it was the pepper that I wanted her to pass.

When this month's parole list first came out, I stood in front of the parole list looking for my name. Looking at the deferral part of the list, I saw my first and middle names under "Deferred." I suddenly felt myself shaking. "They can't do this to me, they haven't even seen me yet." A C.O. rushed over and inquired about my reaction. I told her that I had been deferred for no reason. She looked at the list and laughed, "They didn't defer You?" I looked again and saw that the first two names were the same but the last name was different. I walked away feeling like a fool for making a federal case over my own mistake.

Velma C.

QUOTABLE QUOTES

1. Mr. Busshoff - "Lets go girls!"
2. Mrs. Carter - "Turn that bloody radio down!"
3. Robbie - "Big Deal!"
4. Frenchy - "So What?"
5. Billy - "Have you been trying to avoid me? We have to have a long talk."

COMPLEX NEWS

PAGE 12.

1. The new spring fashion at Vanier this year is hats.

9 April 1973

Dear Mrs. Henderson:

I should be so grateful if you would put the following message to the Residents into this issue of the Vanier Version or rather The Inside Outlook:

"I did not have a chance to say goodbye to you all before leaving and I do not think I would have wanted to do this in any case.

During my time as Librarian at Vanier I have known some wonderful people and I have been very happy in giving the best Library service I could to you all.

I want to wish each and every one of you the very best of luck as you resume your own lives again. I want to thank you all for your appreciation of the library and for all you have in ways unknown perhaps to yourselves, contributed to it.

And, in the words of the old Irish blessing "may the wind be always at your back."

Very sincerely and with affection

"Muriel Allen"

1. The first part of the paper is devoted to a general discussion of the problem of the existence of solutions of the system of equations

2. The second part of the paper is devoted to a detailed study of the case of the system of equations

3. The third part of the paper is devoted to a study of the case of the system of equations

4. The fourth part of the paper is devoted to a study of the case of the system of equations

5. The fifth part of the paper is devoted to a study of the case of the system of equations

6. The sixth part of the paper is devoted to a study of the case of the system of equations

INTERVIEW WITH MISS McNEIL

During a brief interview with Miss McNeil I found many interesting qualities about her that I would like to share with you.

Miss McNeil, a former staff of Galt Training School, has been with Vanier Centre since October 72. She holds the position here as Cook II and a fine one at that. She enjoys (besides cooking) being a part of the residents and staff and finds pleasure in coming to work.

Miss McNeil feels that the kitchen is a very good part of the program. Its quantity cooking course makes her feel as though she has really accomplished a recognition of the opportunity it has for the girls. The industrial facilities and trade that Vanier offers are other points among many that Miss McNeil feels are good.

Most of Miss McNeil's time is taken up by cooking, bowling, sports of nearly any kind, dancing, driving in the country, and she has a special talent for roll-on embroidery.

Since being here, Miss McNeil, personally speaking, is pleased with the attitudes of the majority of residents towards staff but noted that at times it appears to be somewhat tense. She also stressed her disappointment in the lack of communication between the residents and staff.

When asked what changes Miss McNeil felt would be good for the future of the centre, she said that a more selective programme for the girls would be of help, although when she has been here longer she felt that perhaps then she could give a better opinion as she really doesn't feel she is familiar enough with the complex.

She also emphasized her feelings that the system of security as it stands now could be in jeopardy due to the problems of running and general conflicts of the complex lately.

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11/11/11

Miss McNeil announced during the interview that she plans to marry on April 14th. Congratulations to the happy couple.

Miss McNeil said she was quite satisfied with just being herself and with her skill and hopes never to change. Her goal in life is to be a very good wife and keep her future husband very happy, and safe to say, very well fed. Miss McNeil loves to travel and wants very much to go to England and the West Coast. She and her husband-to-be have scheduled a trip to Calgary in July. (one down, one to go)

Miss McNeil's fiancée, Ken McCarther, will not only be gaining a wonderful wife, but a helluva cook. The best of luck and our blessing to you both, from your girls.

INSIDE-
OUT LOOK

the inside-out look

The INSIDE-
OUTLOOK

The Inside-Out
Look

The Inside-Out Look

The Inside-
out Look

The Inside Out Look

The Inside-Outlook

Q. /What did Tarzan say when he saw the elephants coming?

A. Here come the elephants.

Q. What did Tarzan say when he saw the elephants coming with sun glasses on?

A. He didn't say anything because he didn't recognize them.

Velma C.

PAGE 15.

The 10 top hits are:

TITLE	ARTIST
1. KILLING ME SOFTLY WITH HIS SONG	ROBERTA FLACK
2. DUELING BANJOS	DELIVERANCE SOUNDTRACK
3. DADDY'S HOME	JERMAINE JACKSON
4. ALSO SPRACH ZARATHUSTRA (2001)	DEODATO
5. DANNYS SONG	ANNE MURRAY
6. COVER OF ROLLING STONE	DR. HOOK
7. FUNNY FACE	DONNA FARGO
8. DANCING IN THE MOONLIGHT	KING HARVEST
9. HI, HI, HI	PAUL McCARTNEY
10. THE NIGHT THE LIGHTS WENT OUT IN GEORGIA	VICKI LAWRENCE
.	

5 HIT ALBUMS

- | | |
|---|------------------|
| 1. DON'T SHOOT ME I'M ONLY THE PIANO PLAYER | - ELTON JOHN |
| 2. HOT AUGUST NIGHT | - NEIL DIAMOND |
| 3. PRELUDE | - DEODATO |
| 4. TOMMY | - VARIOUS ARTIST |
| 5. SHOOT OUT AT THE FANTASY FACTORY | - TRAFFIC |

PAGE 16c

ONE LINERS

The trouble with this world is that there are too many clowns that ain't in the circus.

It is a mistake to judge a man's horsepower by the size of his exhaust.

Some people, even after they come in, keep on knocking.

If you want to be different, act natural.

Discipline is what you inflict in one end of a person to impress the other.

The man who can smile when things go wrong has probably just thought of someone to blame it on.

A counterfeiter is the only person who gets into trouble by following a good example.

The best way to keep good intentions from dying is to execute them.

Perfect mates only come in gloves and shoes.

As we grow older we find that the perfect time for a cold shower is some other time.

It's better to help others to get it on then to tell them where to get off.

The easiest way to find a cop is unexpectedly.

It is obvious that what makes people tick needs winding.

If you can't grow old gracefully, do it any way you can.

Anybody who doesn't worry about the world these days must be getting lousy reception on their television set.

Tension is driving with the brakes on.

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The man who believes he is exerting himself beyond the call of duty is apt to be a poor judge of distance.

It's time to think about dieting when you try to push yourself away from the table and it's the table that moves.

Keep smiling, it makes everybody wonder what you are up to.

The world is better, either because you lived in it or you left it.

All the Medical Area tells you to do for a cold is sneeze.

Money no longer talks, it stutters.

We may have a lot of excitement in our dreams, but nobody ever wakes up breathless.

What gives you away is what you give into.

Are you frustrated? If so, just remember that the great oak is a little nut that held its ground.

Few people are guilty of thoughtless mischief. They plan it!

It's the itch to be rich that keeps us scratching.

A switch in time saves crime.

Life is a stage and a hell of a lot goes on behind the scene.

I always say, if the shoe fits, steal it.

Those who live happily ever after probably weren't after much.

The man who moved a mountain began by carrying away small pieces.

A fool empties his head each time he opens his mouth.

A person who plugs into current affairs is liable to get a shock.

Vanier's gabbiest people call themselves the silent majority.

Money makes unhappiness pretty comfortable.

PAGE 18.

Hard work won't kill anybody if they can stay far enough away from it.

Duckie.

CURRENT FASHIONS

- | | | |
|----------------------|---|---|
| <u>HAIR</u> | - | Variated surf cuts - short on top
varying in length at the back.

Nothing cuts - short tapered cuts. |
| <u>GLASSES</u> | - | Black wire frames and vari-gray
lenses. |
| <u>NAIL POLISH</u> | - | Licorice, blue, lilac, lemon, lime
and violet. |
| <u>LIPSTICKS</u> | - | Glosses, deep-red, colours
outlined by lighter red and pink
shades. |
| <u>HATS</u> | - | Flipper brim hats. |
| <u>SHOES</u> | - | Platform with wooden heels and
soles. |
| <u>PATTERNS</u> | - | Plaids in mostly pastel colours
Chalk stripes
Swiss dot |
| <u>PANT FASHIONS</u> | - | Bag with cuffs
Blue Jeans |
| <u>SWEATERS</u> | - | Angora type wool in soft pastel
colours
Shrinks with extended shoulder rim |
| <u>BLOUSES</u> | - | Shirt style in variated madrasses
Smocks |



Shirts & bags with
matching jacket





Extended Shoulder-rib
Shrink



Fashionable Smock

Flapper Brim
Hat



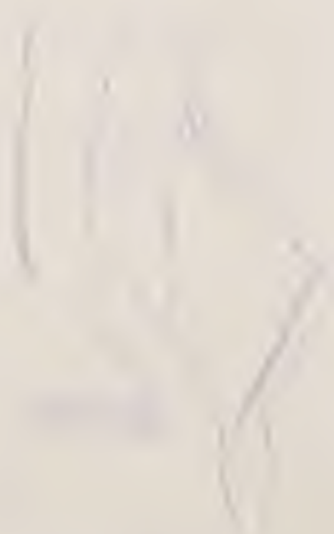
Platform Shoes



Long Purse

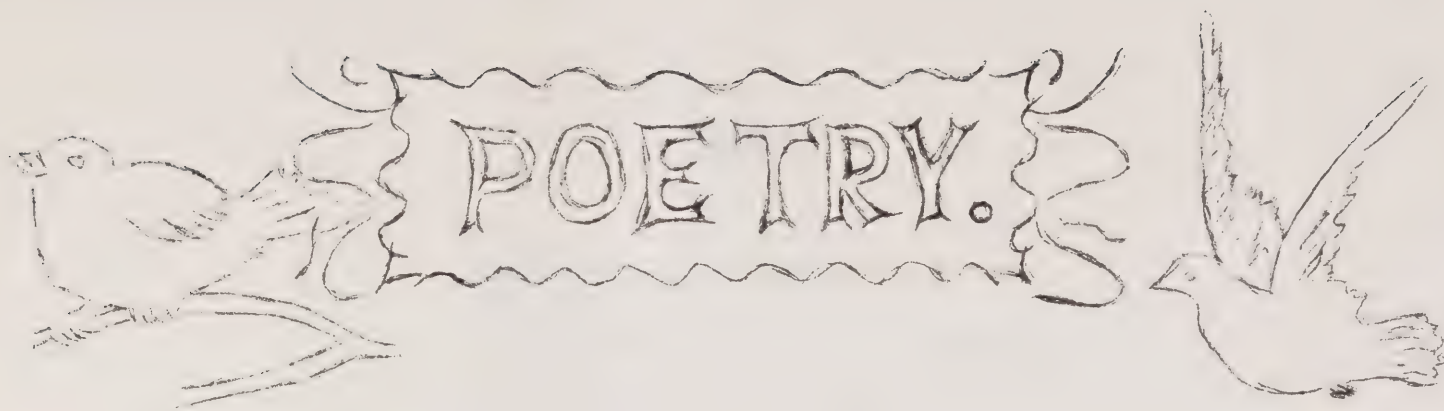


Platform Open Toe





Spirits who can exchange love when all exterior prejudices of life are no longer visible. This peace must begin within the individual.



LOVED ONES

Inside a jail, my body lies
The night time brings my lonely cries
Depression so strong, grows day by day
With thoughts of loved ones so far away.

I remember the time we said farewell
With pain in my heart, that hurt like hell
It was then I realized, there was much to say
With thoughts of loved ones, so far away.

Each night I sit with tears of gloom
Behind the thick walls, of my room
I can't accept the come what may
With thoughts of loved ones, so far away.

I lie on my bed and try to sleep
But in my head, strange thoughts will creep.
I cover my eyes and start to pray
With thoughts of loved ones, so far away.

Velma C.

SILENCE

I walk on secret feet.
Though if I willed
My tread
Would shake the earth beneath me
I stalk.
As silently as moonrise,
The sinking of a leaf
The touch of snow upon the ground
A drop of dew, born to a petal.
The frost spreading upon a window pane
The shadow of a cloud
Drifting
Make no more sound than I
Nor with my hurting
Do I stir a fallen leaf
I come,
I go,
Unheard by day.
Unseen by night
On muffled feet of steel
Clad on a velvet shoe

Oh, how difficult it is to be young
and worried
Like me,
I worry all the time
What will it be like when I am grown?
What will be come of me?
Where will I live, and with whom?
Will I have a home
Will I be loved
Will I be rich
Or must I work?
Will I travel and see the world
Or spend my life in one room?
Who will have me and what will they be like
Or must I roam the alleyways?
And shiver through the nights of sleet and rain?
What will life be like?
I who know nothing.
But one long worry
Find it very difficult to be young.

MAN

Man is born free
Free to do as he pleases
To make his own world which encircles him.
You are born alone
To take up your life and fulfill it.
The consequences are yours alone as you
are making your life what it is
Your elders teach their wisdom, their mistakes
But you must make your own mistakes and find
wisdom from them.
This life is yours to enjoy and create and
even destroy.
This life is yours to live and strive to
be free!

"THE CURE"

We mutter and sputter,
We fume and we spurt,
We mumble and grumble,
Our feelings get hurt:
We can't understand things
Our vision grows dim-
When all that we need
Is a moment with Him.

Submitted by: Cathy Hawkins

1000000000



ONE YEAR

Sitting waiting quietly
My eye would shed a tear
The judge looked down and said to me
"You are sentenced to one year."

Sitting down in great dismay
My world all left behind
Perhaps this year would bring to me
Some hope or peace of mind.

One year to learn life's better ways
One year for habits to break
One year to sit and cry at night
And pay for my mistake.

If I could do it over now
This year would never be
For I have learned, in this one year
The beauty to be free.

Velma C.



THE "WORD" I

Love - is "the word" - we know so well!
It's borders touch both "Heaven" and "Hell"
"The word" itself, one can't define-
"The feeling" if True - is Divine!!
But! when one's felt that "sharp-toothed sword"-
Tear out their heart! They've Lost - "The Word"!!
To walk on clouds, and hear sweet harps,
Not hearing sounds, unless they're sharp
A joyous heart where no fears lurk
Are surely "signs" - of Love - at Work!!
You'll watch it seed itself, then bloom
So huge! - Your heart has not the room-
To hold it all! - But then you see,
His way - of bringing You - to Me!
False love, has brought so frequently
Too many mis-matched pairs; so see-
We cannot blame Our Lord above
For "our own" foolish "stabs" - at Love
If each would follow His - real plan
They'd find "True Love" - His gentle hand
Would guide them safely - to the Land!
No one can reach; - if they're alone-
As He, sits solely, on the Throne!
True Love, - he won't let "enter in"
To selfish hearts, so full of sin!
For one to Love another "soul"
They'll give their all - To reach the "Goal"
Of True Love - The "Epitome"-
The "Oneness" between You and Me!!!

Janey.

THIS MAN THAT YOU LOVE

Have you ever sat and watched as with trembling hand he shakes the required amount of crystals into his waiting spoon? Watched as he patiently dissolves them, drawing slowly through the filter into the syringe. Watched as he gently taps the deadly air bubble from the point. Watched as he flexes his muscles, readying his veins. Watched as he punctures his skin, slowly, gently, so as to avoid the hideous callouses that adorn his arm. Watched as he draws the blood inward, to push the plunger downward. Watched, only to run and vomit out your sick disillusionment of this man that you love?

Have you ever sat and watched the nurses rushing madly to save his life? Watched as he laboriously tries to breathe, no longer in control? Watched as they check his pulse, listened to his cries of help, watched their stone cold eyes, listened to his heart. Watched as they wheeled him away, to help, to leave you alone in your fear. Watched as your tears slowly stain your soul, as he cannot stand to see you cry, this man that you love.

And yet, have you ever sat in the warmth of his arms, in the safety of his bed after a night of love? Watched as he draws gentle patterns on your naked flesh? Watched as his gentle breathing quietly fans your solitude. Watched as he gently strums his guitar, making it play for you, and only for you? Listened as he sings his nonsensical songs of love for you. Watched as from nowhere he brings you gifts of love, of song, of happiness. Watched as in his ways he tries to fulfill you, to love you, cherish you, this man that you love.

You have sat and watched, listened to all these things, knowing you are powerless. Watched as your soft footsteps return you, as always, to this man that you love.

Submitted by: Velma C.

PEOPLE

There are two kinds of people on earth to-day
Just two kinds of people, no more I say.
Not the good or the bad, for 'tis well understood
The good are half bad and the bad are half good.
Not the rich or the poor, for to know a man's wealth
You must first know the state of his conscience and
health.
Not the happy or sad, for the swift flying years
Bring to each man his gladness and to each his tears.
No, the two kinds of people on earth I mean
Are the people who lift and the people who lean,
And wherever you go, you will find the world's masses
Are always divided into just these two classes;
And oddly enough you will find too, I ween
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.
In which class are you -- are you easing the load
Of the toilsome toiler who toils down the road,
Or are you a leaner, who makes others bear
Your share of the labor and worry and care????

Submitted by: Mrs. Oliver.

MONTHLY BOOK REVIEW

JOY IN THE MORNING
BY: Betty Smith

Betty Smith is a sensitive aware writer
who immediately draws the reader into the stories
she writes.

Joy in the Morning is the story of a young
girl from Brooklyn who comes to a mid-west college
town to be married three days after her 18th
birthday.

Unlike most contemporary love stories this
book has no violence and very little sex. It's a
heartwarming story of an almost illiterate girl who
had a full time job since age 14 and who falls in
love and marries the boy next door who is at college
to become a lawyer.

Annie, the young girl in the story,
doesn't even know how to make coffee but with the
help of Henry, the grocer, learns how. PAGE 30.

It is a refreshing story about a young
couple's struggle and how they both grow up.

I recommend this book for everyone who
enjoys contemporary fiction.

Bev. W.

INTERVIEW WITH DIAMOND LIL

On Sunday, March 11th, we were privileged to have the presence of Miss Kitty Meredith, better known as "Diamond Lil" here at Vanier.

Her name Diamond Lil and the story behind it dates back to the Klondike Gold Rush. Mae West was the first to take the name and to use the theme song "Diamonds are a Girl's Best Friend" in the original movie she made depicting life around the time of the Gold Rush in the Yukon. Miss Meredith does her routine as a take-off on Miss West. She uses the same theme song and her style or type of entertaining is along the same lines. Even her costume is much the same. Her outfit for our performance was a beautiful emerald green velvet dress cut very, very low and studded with jewels. In her flaming red hair she wore a plume of the same colour. The gems in her dress were not authentic but this she made up for with the diamonds on her hands, arms and in the pendant which hung from her neck. Needless to say she presented a most beautiful and striking picture.

Miss Meredith is married, lives in nearby Streetsville and has a home and family which she dearly loves. Most of the travelling she does is usually in the summertime so that she can take her children with her. She has entertained for seven years mainly in Southern Ontario and for the past while has worked at the Skyline Hotel where she has her own "room." Besides personal appearances she has also worked in television and radio. It is no wonder then that she is so delightful a performer.

Miss Meredith, a Taurus by birth, is a dynamic entertainer - one who feels a great deal and successfully projects her emotions and feelings to her audience. She spoke to me of her performance as what she called a two-way deal. She believes that the idea is to have fun, feel good and share these feelings with each other. Even though she is a social drinker only and does not drink when working, she said she simply gets high by just performing! Performing to her, is her way of giving a few moments happiness to people. And she certainly did just that for us. Everyone seemed to join in and have a good time, forgetting themselves and their own personal circumstances and simply enjoying themselves. This is her strongest motivation as a performer.

As I was ending the interview, Miss Meredith said she had truly enjoyed herself, and she thanked me on behalf of herself and the band for the opportunity to come and entertain us. She hoped we had enjoyed ourselves as much as she had and that we would invite her back. Feeling quite sure I was expressing the feelings of all the residents, I sincerely thanked her for coming and said we hoped she would come back soon!

~~Heidi K.~~

FRAN J.

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Hold it Hippie!
I'm Running you
in!



What's the
Charge?

FRAGRANCE



THAT'S ALL FOLK'S !

